them clean. It hadn't happened yet at the House, but it had certainly happened before. All of them were schizophrenic, most "paranoid subtype." Ideally I should always have had someone with me as a witness.

Gabriel would still be in the shower when I got back, or the tub. Then I'd somehow have to make sure he really washed. Strictly speaking it wasn't possible without being where I wasn't supposed to be. I'd listen for the sound of soap on skin and encourage him verbally through the door.

With Betty I used a different technique. I didn't dare risk a full-scale direct assault. It probably wouldn't have worked with her anyway, and if it failed I wouln't ever have recovered my authority. Adam had warned me from the beginning, as in the matter of locking the T.V. sets, not to overplay my hand.

We'd had only one real battle. She'd lost her temper in the dining room, because I'd made her wait for everyone else to be served before she got "seconds." She grabbed the milk pitcher that I'd been pouring from at the pass-through, which for hygienic reasons was against the rules. She poured herself a tall glass of milk, and threw the pitcher back at me so violently that it bounced off the island and splashed onto the floor. Of course, I ordered her to clean it up. She refused, but I felt I couldn't back down this time. I pursued her all over the House, pointing in the direction of the kitchen. Clean it up, I insisted. She said she was going to get